5: Harrison D-4 (1912-1924) 1924 M1 Middle East
Bedouin MJ4

but rather an unaffected equality among all members of the community and a good fellowship and free association on that basis which is one of the most beautiful things in the world. The women share this freedom, and are engaged with the men in practically every activity that is useful in keeping the wolf from the door. Men and women fight side by side for a naked existence, and there is no submission to anything or anybody, except to God above.

It is a hard life, but the desert is a maker of men. Women may express their feelings, their joys and their griefs, but men are expected to remain silent and self-controlled, and magnificent Stoics some of them are. An old patriarch came to the Bahrein Hospital bringing for treatment his only son, the pride of his life and the joy of his heart. They had come a long distance, two weeks' journey. The old man had the light of a father's pride in his eye and the shadow of a father's anxiety was there, too.

"My boy has been sick for some time. I have brought him here for you to cure."

My heart sank at the boy's appearance. "Does he cough?"

"Yes, he coughs a great deal. That is the trouble."

"Does he cough up any blood?"

"Yes, he has done that several times."

It gave me almost the sensation of physical faintness that one feels when in an elevator that is shot down rapidly, to see that fine old man standing there and to know what we would have to tell him, but we examined the boy carefully first. There were large cavities in both lungs. He was far beyond all hope. The whole faculty of Johns Hopkins could not have helped him. "My

I: Raswan T-3 (1913-35) 1947 MD4 Rwala
Bedouins M54

hands and feet in a man,—in fact, his whole appearance was arresting.

For a Bedouin, he had an unusually pale complexion, set off by a brilliantly black beard and raven locks. He preferred to dress almost entirely in black. His Arab head-cloth, sandals, and soft camel-hair cloak were black, as well as the wide shawl wound round his waist. Even his mare was black, a rare thing, for most Bedouins hold black horses in disfavour. Headstalls, halter, saddle, and saddle-cloth—all were black, relieved only by delicate silver embroidery and a few silver ornaments. His silver-hilted sword, too, was carried in a black scabbard.

Sheykh Tai' was vain. He loved arms and horses, but above all he adored his little son, Farhan. According to Ali, he had not much affection for his wives, who were reputed to be beauties; but he was proud of them as he was of all his possessions—his great herds and extensive lands.

The Tai's Bedouins kept relatively few camels, but large numbers of sheep and goat, which suffer much from the depredations of wolves in winter and spring. Sheykh Tai' told me that these nimble-footed robbers from the inaccessible retreats of the Turkish Mountains had come down again into the snow-free lowlands. They had already attacked exposed Bedouin camps and caused great damage, although the watchful herdsmen had been continually on guard.

Sheykh Tai' was, like Nimrod, a "great hunter before the Lord", and liked nothing better than to be riding abroad. On the eighth evening after our arrival, he

1: Raswan T-3 (1913-35) 1947 MD4 Rwala
Bedouins MJ4

000 man back to Aleppo, with his "wild ostrich", happy and contented.

Here, too, rain had fallen and transfigured the arid,
• 157 yellow wastes into lush green meadows. From the small band of Shammar, our guide borrowed riding-camels for our further journey, and we reached the camp of Mishal ibn Faris on the following day. Of Mishal the Arabs say that "no cloud can be compared with him for generosity." I, too, must say that I have seldom met so unselfish and kind-hearted a man.

Outside his large tent we drew up and dismounted. How many guest fires must have been lighted under this smoke-blackened roof, which had sheltered three generations!

574 The elderly *sheykh* stood on the threshold and bade
609 me welcome with the sacred formula of the wilderness,
[576] the assurance of peace, "Salam Alayk."

I responded in the manner of the desert: "God keep thee well." Then, Mishal ibn Faris took with his own hand the headstall from my mare and hung it on the main post of his tent. He had wanted to know me, he said, as soon as he had heard that a stranger, who loved Arab horses, was visiting the Tai'.

I thanked him for his pleasant and friendly invitation. In his way of addressing me there was more than ordinary politeness. From now on, whether with them in person, or far away, I had the freedom of his tribe.

157 Mishal ibn Faris, the great Shammar *sheykh*, esteemed
554 from one end of the desert to the other for his staunch righteousness, had a peaceful and moderating influence on Bedouin politics, both in Mesopotamia and Syria. "A

l: Raswan T-3 (1913-35) 1947 MD4 Rwala
Bedouins M34

man without a single enemy", Arabs have called him to me. 157 534

I was Mishal's guest for several weeks. In the company of his son Naif, I was able to look over a large number of Arab horses amongst the different Shammar clans. One two-year-old Saqlawi-Shaifi stallion of purest blood pleased me exceedingly. One day I enquired of the *sheykh's* secretary if he thought it possible that Mishal would sell this stallion. It had indeed come to my ears that Mishal had refused an offer of eight hundred gold pounds from the French Remount Service. From my experience, I knew that really thoroughbred Arab horses were quite rare and therefore exceedingly expensive. Considering the stallion's breeding, the French offer certainly did not appear too high, when one remembers that foreign military commissions and breeders have paid in the desert anything up to three thousand pounds gold for blue-blooded stallions. 231 435

I asked the scribe to submit my offer to his *sheykh* up to one thousand pounds gold. I also declared myself ready to make the customary presents to the *katib* (secretary) and to the slave who had looked after the stallion from birth. [431]

That same day I sat with Mishal and his son Naif and their friends until late into the night. By the light of the campfire I showed them photographs of Arab horses, among them the stallions and mares which I had bought from the stud of Lady Anne Blunt's daughter in England, for the ranch in California. 574 231 572

"Is it known to thee," asked Mishal, "that Lord Blunt and my father Faris formed a blood brotherhood fifty

k Dickson G-5 (1929-47) 1951 MI 1 Kuwait
Bedouins MJ4

(*dhabi*) and generally lead a lazy gossiping life, fattening themselves on fresh *leben*, camel's milk and dates. Should the tribe be at war, then of course this utopian existence is at once changed, and the tribe moves from ground to ground, concentrated closely and prepared for all eventualities. The Badawin's wonderful methods for obtaining and passing on news, especially of an alarming nature, now come into play. If danger is in the air, he knows it days and even weeks before, and takes necessary precautions. It almost seems as if he were able to smell danger. Then he gets out his rifle and burnishes it and assembles his cartridges. The shaikh now, of course, leads the tribe on its march to fresh grazing and selects every site for the tribal camp. His word is law when the safety of the community is at stake.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE SHAIKH AND HOW IT IS MAINTAINED

No tribal shaikh holds his position simply because his father was the shaikh before him. In other words, the shaikhship does not necessarily pass from father to eldest son. It does, however, remain in the family, whether it be the shaikhship of a tribal section or that of all-paramount shaikh, the leader of the whole tribe. For instance, the shaikh of the Mutair tribe must always be chosen from the Al Dushan or royal clan; but the heir apparent who wants to succeed his father and become shaikh after him must prove:

that he has the necessary courage;
that he has powers of leadership;
that he has *hadh* or luck.

The Badawin has no use for a man having courage and leadership in plenty if *hadh* is lacking. A lucky general is what the tribesman wants in war, and, still more important, he wants a lucky shaikh in peace, for to him the whole daily round and welfare of the tribe is bound up in this word *hadh*. The great Bin Sa'ud, the present Lord of Sa'udi Arabia, owes his greatness to his having been blessed with a large quantity of *hadh*, or so says and believes every Badawin of Arabia. He has other notable attributes, of course, but these cannot be compared with the all-embracing Luck.

The shaikh cannot, on the other hand, say to the tribe that he

k Dickson G-5 (1929-47) 1951 MI 1 Kuwait
Bedouins MJ4

516 Dirty he and his wife always are, but theirs is the dirt of the field, a thing totally different from the dirt of the town. He never washes his clothes till they are about to drop off, and then he replaces them. He and his good wife are covered with body lice, and reek of camel manure and other choice odours, but the important parts of the body are kept clean, and the wife bathes her hair once a week in she-camel's urine, and thus rids her head of vermin for a few days.

157 Both the Badawin and his women are envious to a degree, and cupidity is the breath of life to them. Both are as full of *hasad* and *tama'* (envy and cupidity) as anyone in this world could be, and they never tire of saying that others around them suffer from these vices but never they themselves. *Hasad* takes the form of backbiting at every opportunity, and disparaging the efforts and good name of anyone who happens to be better off. His *tama'* is proverbial and has caused him to be dubbed by certain Westerners "the arch parasite of world society". True it is that you can make a Badawin man or woman do pretty well anything in this world except (and here I speak for the desert only) sacrifice his or her honour, by the offer of money.

Yet with all these faults I have found the Badawin and his wife to be the most lovable and delightful of all people, just primitive Adams and Eves, like their ancestors.

771 The true Badawin is a deeply religious man, and his hard life in the desert with its perpetual dangers to man and beast increases his sense of nearness to and dependence on his Maker. The grim scenery which surrounds him, the wide sandy deserts, the blood-colour of blazing sunsets, the deep yellow-black of the dust storms, a very incarnation of monstrous evil, and last but not least the devilish flicker of the witch's oven, as it trembles above the ground, with its cruel sister the ever-deceiving mirage, all tend to convince him that the One and Indivisible God is near him always and if only he be a true Musulmán will help him when peril is about. The thought of God is always with him, and the name of Allah is perpetually on his
[788] lips. He prays ceremonially five times a day. He can and will do
577 nothing without invoking God's aid. After his duty towards God, comes duty towards his neighbour, and to a lesser extent towards himself. His whole code can be summed up in the following few sentences:

l: Dickson G-5 (1929-47) 1951 MI 1 Kuwait
Bedouins MJ4

577

A man's first duty is towards God.
His second, the protection of his tent neighbour (*qasir*).
His third, attention to the laws of Hospitality (*dhiafa*).
His fourth, his duty towards a traveller under his conduct (*rafiq*).
His fifth, attention to the laws of Personal Protection and Sanctuary (*wejh* and *dakhala*.)
His sixth and last is to himself: to raid when he can and keep what he has captured (*chessib*).

It is noteworthy that in fulfilling this last duty he thinks of it as a sort of reward for what has gone before. Raiding is no sin, but a virtue, [721] and to kill your enemy a still greater virtue. Therefore, to steal your enemy's cattle is not robbery but an exploit to be proud of. Your enemy will do the same to you to-morrow if he gets the chance. (See Chapter VII.)

THE BADAWIN WOMAN (*Badawiyah*)

Taking the good with the bad, the Badawin woman is nearly all 157 charm, the natural charm of an unspoiled daughter of Eve, who knows nothing of the world, and little of town life except from hearsay.

She has very much of the child about her; all the delightfulness and all the unreasonableness of a child.

She is prone to sudden storms of rage, and will sulk without apparent reason. She is full of jealousy, and will love and hate with passion and ferocity, yet she can be the gentlest of beings and is capable of great sacrifice. She adores her children, though she has no idea of [855] teaching them discipline or self-control; she will fly at her husband, if he attempts to punish their child, and will go off the deep end if her husband does not sleep close by her side (*ma yargud wiyha*) every night.

Badawin unmarried girls are, of course, debarred from any male 562 society or male friendships outside the circle of their own immediate 834 families, but married women have far more freedom than their town sisters, and can be on delightfully friendly terms with males of their own *taifa* or *hamula*. They have strong ideas of propriety, and are sensitive to a degree about their reputation. The most 521 dreadful thing in the world that can happen to them is to be talked 558

further than this, for none of them wishes to get a reputation for being a quarrelsome or trying companion, and so, when there is anything to do, they all jump up and offer to do it, whether it is to look for a camel, gather wood, or make coffee. Their life is ruled by conventions, and public opinion sees to it that these conventions are observed. In the desert there is no privacy. Every action is seen, and you might say every word is overheard, for they always live crowded together for safety; in any case, they are the most observant people in the world, and everything that happens, however trivial, is noted and later repeated and discussed, so that something which a man has said or done on the coast of the Persian Gulf will be spoken of months later, hundreds of miles away on the borders of the Yaman.

Another difference between Badu and villagers is the way they treat their animals. No Badui would ever knock his camel about; it is far too precious, and in any case he is much too deeply attached to it. You will often see him fondling and kissing his camel, and he will generally be hunting round for titbits for it. Badui, indeed, will always sacrifice their own comfort to that of their animals. Some years ago, when we arrived in the Hadhramaut out of the desert, I remember the enormous meals which were provided for us, such as my always hungry companions cannot even have dreamed of; yet next day they were frantic to get back to the desert where there would be proper grazing for their animals. Sometimes, looking at a wonderful view, I have said to a Badui, "Isn't that lovely?" and he has looked round for a bit and answered, "No, it is rotten bad grazing," and he saw nothing else, whereas if he had been a Persian he would have rhapsodized over it.

Yet they are passionately fond of poetry. They are a noisy, talkative race. I think many of them would find it as hard to stop talking as a heavy smoker to stop smoking, but they will sit for hours in silence if someone is reciting poetry. They are also deeply religious, and in their hard lives they derive at all times a profound comfort from their faith. Townsmen often scoff at them and say that they are little better than pagans because they do not observe all the ritual of Islam and are sometimes lax over their prayers and fasting, but you cannot be with them without realizing what an integral part of their everyday lives their religion is. A Rashdi once described to me how alone he had crossed the trackless wastes of the Eastern sands for 450 waterless miles. Astounded that anyone should have ventured on such a journey unaccompanied, I asked him, "Do you really mean that you were by yourself?" and he answered me quite simply, "God was my companion."

The Badu are the product of their environment, and it is the constant struggle for survival which has fashioned them as they are. Security is unknown to them and their rewards are at all times pitifully small. At any moment drought, disease, or raiders may sweep their herds away. Yet, tempered from childhood by wind and sun, they face life unflinchingly. In this harsh and barren land the desert lad mates only with the desert maid, for who else would share the Badu's couch among the wind-blown sand? For centuries they have guarded the purity of their blood with the dagger, and they are fine-drawn, highly strung, and unstable as thoroughbreds.

181 554 177 577 thoroughbreds. No race prizes lineage higher, yet they are the most democratic people in the world and the most individualistic. Among them there is real equality. To certain families, by virtue of their descent, they accord certain privileges, but as a courtesy, not as a right, and Badu sheikhs command respect only as long as they merit it. The traditional Arab way of life, fast vanishing to-day in contact with the West, owed much to Badu concepts, for the villagers and townsmen of Arabia, who form by far the greater part of her population, live close to the desert and were profoundly affected by it until motor-cars and aeroplanes removed for ever the need for camel journeys. Most of them are, indeed, of Badu origin, for the desert tides have always stranded the weak and broken upon the fringes of the Sown. Everywhere the Arabs have, at all times, judged honour and chivalry and hospitality by the standards of the tribesmen. Their love of liberty, their freedom from prejudice of class and caste, and their enthusiasm for poetry have come to them from the desert.

157 577 81 It is impossible to assess the character of the Badu, for among no other race have so many contradictory qualities been fused together. I myself have witnessed their courage and self-reliance, their endurance and pride of race, and I remember their patience, generosity, and unselfishness. But often I have been exasperated by their avarice and wearied by their endless [435] importunities. No Badu thinks it shame to beg, and usually he will look disparagingly at the gift which he has received and grumble, "Is this all [437] that you are going to give me?" Grasping and avaricious, they will talk unceasingly of money and argue heatedly for days about a dollar, then they will slaughter a camel worth 150 dollars to feed a stranger. Loyal to each other, they are yet without regard for human life and will knife an unarmed herdsboy with a jest. Cheerful and easily amused, they are generally good-tempered, though passionate when roused and quick to resent an injury.

166 I have often wondered as I rode across the desert what the future, and even the immediate future, holds for my companions and their kinsmen. The discovery of oil on the Persian Gulf is going to affect them profoundly and make it impossible for them to continue in their old ways, even if they would. I think myself that the oilfields will empty the desert. This movement of tribes from the Yaman and the Hadhramaut towards the north and the north-east is a movement which has been going on for thousands of years. It probably started even before the great migration of the Qahtan tribes, when, overwhelmed by calamity in their homes round Marib, some of them pushed across the deserts and occupied Oman. In recent years tribes such as the Awamir, Ruashid, and Manahil have left their homelands in the steppes to the north-east of the Hadhramaut and moved out into the sands to escape from the incursions of more powerful 166 tribes pressing on them from the west. Having accustomed themselves to 177 life in the sands, they have penetrated ever further and further into the Empty Quarter. In the past twenty or thirty years as conditions have become more settled in the north, due to the extension of Ibn Saud's influence over the powerful Murra tribe, they have grazed their herds round the Liwa oasis and in the sands near the Trucial Coast. Now the money to be earned on the oilfields along the Gulf is drawing the Badu

paid into the bargain. Family ties and a certain restlessness draw some of them back into the desert, but, as I have said, desert life is becoming more and more difficult and may soon become altogether impossible.

The hardy Badu tribesmen, the best stock in Arabia, may become, as a result of circumstances outside their control, a parasitic proletariat squatting in the fly-blown squalor of shanty towns on the outskirts of the oilfields in some of the most barren and inhospitable country in the world. I do not wish to suggest that the oil companies will not take adequate care of their workers and provide them with the best possible accommodation. Many of the Badu will certainly find employment with these companies; many of them have already shown considerable aptitude as drivers and mechanics, but it is uncertain whether as a race they are capable of the sustained effort required on an oilfield. At any rate, there will be great numbers who are unadaptable, inept, or physically incapable of finding work, and there will be the women and the children. Stranded in these salt-impregnated wastes, which can produce nothing but oil, and deprived of their old mobility, they may be unable to adjust themselves almost overnight to these new conditions and so become demoralized. Tribesmen who have never seen a car or an aeroplane or even a European will find themselves suddenly working with Englishmen and Americans who have met their first Arab ten days before. Lads who have never seen an unveiled woman are going to come in contact with European women, not only unveiled, but, in their eyes, undressed. At first they will think our dress indecent, many of our customs revolting, and our lack of religion appalling. The virtues of the desert nomads are, however, enforced by their circumstances, not by a natural preference for the ascetic way of life. In their own surroundings they are forced to be continent and self-restrained, but by nature they are self-indulgent and indolent. Their nomadic way of life, their tribal loyalties, their old interests, and the conventions which have governed their lives, will soon be swept away. Bored and disillusioned, they will, I fear, fall an easy prey to the vices and diseases of town life. They have always regarded themselves as the aristocracy of Arabia. They have taken a pride in surviving when others would succumb, and it is this pride in his manhood which the nomad expresses when he boasts, "I am a Badui." In the future they may easily drop to the bottom of the social scale, below those whom they know to be their inferiors in every way but that of adaptation to urban conditions.

A problem which confronts the rulers of Arabia is how to avoid pauperizing the nomads who will inevitably drift to the oilfields in ever-increasing numbers, and whose birth-rate is likely to rise considerably once they have settled there. It will indeed be tragic if they become the slum-dwellers of an industrialized Arabia. Poverty has been their constant lot, but it was a poverty shared by all. Now they will see Europeans and Arabs living in luxury in air-conditioned houses and provided with all the amenities of modern life. They will see wealth beyond their wildest dreams poured into the hands of a few; the Sheikh of Qatar, for instance, who until recently was the ruler of a few impoverished fishing villages and whose father sold headcloths in the market-place for a living, is now receiving royalties from an oilfield which may be one of the richest in the world.

411 hand and all wore the distinctive carnelian-
151 studded dagger, and one and all impressed
me as virile, reckless and uncontrolled, but
701 humorous and friendly. While we sat among
621 them talking there was a sudden stir, for they had noticed a dozen mounted Arabs approaching rapidly across the dunes. Then someone recognized one of the camels and they relaxed. These camels were stretched out and travelling very fast, yet were urged to even greater efforts by the wild yells of their riders. They were the scouts, sons of sheikhs and the very pick of the tribe, who set out each dawn to scour the surrounding desert, keen-eyed for the tracks of strangers. Lithe, hard-bodied and alert, these lads rode their splendid beasts with effortless mastery. They had heard the firing and, thinking the camp attacked, had ridden back to help.

621 Scattered upon the dunes around us were
592 small black tents, round which naked infants romped, while dark-clad women moved about gathering sticks and tending herds of goats. Sometimes a family changed its site, for, though fear of raiders had imposed upon them the need to keep together, their restless nomad instincts drove them to constant movement within the wide confines of the camp. Such short migrations provided an interesting sight as they moved slowly past. The children drove the camels, laden with tents, cooking-pots, watering-troughs and ropes, the simple requirements of their life; while the Bedu mothers and the virgin beauties of the tribe rode in the slow swaying camel-litters.

574 That evening they feasted us on meat and, after the camel herds had drifted in at dusk, brought us great frothing bowls of milk, the nectar of the Arabs. The night was filled with the haunting sounds of an Arab camp—the ceaseless restless moaning of camels, the barking of dogs, the rise and fall of Arab voices from their gathering-places round the fires, and sometimes the distant harmony of song.

312 Next morning when the sun was warm we drove our camels across the sandy plain to water at the well, which is situated close under high limestone cliffs on the northern
401 edge of the valley. A few Arabs had already
312 arrived and were fastening their pulleys to the scaffolding around the well. It is over 200 feet in depth and stone-lined, a monument to some forgotten people in the dim past. At the deep wells in the Najd the Arabs use their

p 348 (B) [TEXT CONTINUES ON P 400(A)--ANALYST

29: Glubb--3 G-3 (ca.1935) 1943 MJ1 Saudi Arabia
Bedouin MJ4
Sulubba

651 Until about 1930, the Sulubba paid regular
721 tribute to all the Beduin sheikhs for pro-
563 tection. This did not, however, safeguard them
● 157 from continual petty pilfering, beatings and insults. Beduin travelers or raiders invariably called at Sulubba tents if they could find them, and demanded food and hospitality. The Beduin, who is normally a model of sedateness and reserved decorum among strangers, exhibited the worst aspects of his character in a Sulubba camp. He shouted, bullied, cursed, and swaggered in a manner sometimes shameful. He demanded the best food, cursed his host, complained of everything, ate all he could and then demanded more food to take with him as supplies for his journey. The Sulubba cowered and whined. Long oppression has indeed made them very low class. The ingratiating whine in which they address the Beduin as "Ya Amaimi," "Oh my little uncle," makes one ashamed of human nature!

837 Prostitution is reputed to be widespread among
548 the women. Whether or not this statement is too sweeping, there can be little doubt that most of them have a very low standard of morals, and are frequently sought by Beduins for immoral purposes. This traffic can scarcely be unknown to their husbands and brothers, but they seem too debased to protest. While there is a good deal of immorality among the Beduins themselves, such offences are kept strictly secret, and any woman creating a scandal is likely to be murdered. Only the Sulubba seem to be shameless in this respect.

224 The Sulubba are par excellence the children of
[10] the desert. Every Sulubbi is nicknamed by the Beduins "Abu al Khala" or "Father of the empty spaces." If the Beduin, compared to the townsmen, is a hardy traveler at home in the great desert, he is but a pampered tenderfoot compared to the Sulubba. Often in summer, when the great Beduin

30: Gt. Britain G-5 (ca. 1918) 1920 MJ1 Saudi Arabia
BEDOUINS MJ4

Canaanite invasion of Syria, the Hyksos invasion of Egypt, and the Hebrew invasion of Palestine are also to be explained by similar antecedent events in Arabia.

The distribution, grouping, character, and resources of the several tribes are the subject of a subsequent chapter (III); and their relation to particular localities will be stated in the special chapters on the different provinces.

It would be beyond the scope of this Handbook to give a detailed description of Bedouin society; and mere generalities about it are of little service. It is perhaps, however, worth while to say something about those features and customs of Bedouin life which most directly affect the reception and entertainment of strangers, and should, therefore, be known before contact. Dictated by similar necessities, these are more or less common to all tribesmen. For all the rest, study of Doughty's *Arabia Deserta* cannot be too strongly recommended. Pretty well everything that needs to be known about Bedouin life can be found there by a patient reader.

Arabia is 'a land of ancient violence'. For this state of things geographical conditions are largely responsible. Only in very few, rare, and narrow districts is it possible to derive from the soil, not a superfluity, entailing wealth, leisure, and consequent civilization, but anything better than hand-to-mouth existence in full sight of starvation. Agriculture is impossible in three-quarters of the total area, and man must live on peripatetic food pastured on such thin and evanescent vegetation that a single family has to keep on the move in order to live. Water again, the prime condition of existence, is to be found for the most part only very occasionally in deep wells, or rain-pools, and this under a subtropical sun. Scanty sources have to be guarded with the most jealous exclusiveness. The regions over which these conditions prevail usually offer few or none of those natural features which serve elsewhere to protect or conceal; and in their vast extent and distribution they impinge so generally on the few fertile districts, or so often encircle these, that hardly any part of Arabia is altogether unaffected by the inevitable social features of life on steppe and desert.

The most obvious of these features is suspicion. Every man is treated as a potential enemy, till he shows evidence to the contrary. He is kept at a distance until his person or his authority can be recognized. Therefore, in approaching Bedouins, it is as prudent to go slow and give them time as in approaching a sentry in a war-area. Disregard of this advice will result in fight or flight, according to circumstances. While all Bedouins are instinctively suspicious of, and hostile to, the unknown, various